

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 27.

SOMETHING LEFT UNPOUNDED.

BY H. W. CONNELL.

Labor with what will we win,
Something still remains to be done,
Something, something, something,
Waiting the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gate,
With an unceasing to the door,
Like a mendicant it waits.

Wait, and will not go away,
Wait, and will not be gained;
By the care of the young,
Each day is a heavier load.

Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength can bear—
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Late the words of lines gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

PICTURES OF MEXICO.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Times, writing from the City of Mexico, gives the following interesting account of his trip from Vera Cruz to the Mexican capital:

We left Vera Cruz at seven in the morning, amidst a crowd of donkeys, Frenchmen, Austrians and Egyptians. The cars in use on this branch of the railroad to Mexico are very much like those of the United States, but smaller and narrower. The locomotive steamed slowly, and immediately began to ascend, at first through a sterile, sandy region, which gradually changed to a fertile country. We passed by the side of sandy plains we had passed, the eye rested with relief on the green savannas now spread before us. Wild flowers, of the most brilliant blue, enameled the grass all around us, and birds as bright, glittered through the soft balmy air with their graceful presence. The mountains, at first misty and indistinct, began to stand out more strongly, and the giant Orizaba, nearly 10,000 feet high, now appeared before us, its snow-capped summit a white cloud lost in the blue vault above. We stopped every ten miles at a station, where a motley crowd welcomed us in every tongue of the old and new world. Here, as through the warm climate, the Egyptians sojourning in the Pacific, and the Arabs to Napoleon III. are stationed. We saw stalwart Nubians dressed in white, with red faces, their black faces forming a good contrast with their costumes. The Egyptian flag floats side by side with that of France, but nowhere is that of Mexico to be seen. Here, also, were straggling detachments of Austrians imported recently to the number of 7,000 by Maximilian, in a costume which can scarcely be described, as they were a heavy blue blouse, very long pants, and yellow leather gaiters. They wore on their heads a high crowned grey felt hat, with a turkey feather sticking up quite independently. They are strongly built, good looking men, well armed with German rifles and sword bayonets. On the morning of the 10th we arrived at the village of La Soledad, where the bridge crosses a stream of that name at a height of two hundred feet. More Egyptians, Austrians, French, etc. There we delayed some time, and could see the village which lay beyond, and which resembles Bagdad, at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The scenery there was beautiful, and we now began to enter the mountains, which seemed to guard the interior on every side. We soon crossed the bridge, the only wooden one in this country, and ascending more abruptly soon reached Paso del Macho, the present terminus of the railroad, having traveled over a distance of forty miles, which took us three hours and a half. At this place a substantial breakfast awaited us, as well as the stages which were to carry us the remainder of our journey to this city. The fare from Vera Cruz is thirty-five dollars, including the railroad tickets. You are allowed to carry twenty-five pounds of baggage, and are charged seventy cents for every additional pound. We got into our stage—nine inside—and were soon jolting along a dreadful road, blinded by the dust and choked by the heat, although the atmosphere grew cooler and cooler. Spasmodic efforts are made here and there to break up gigantic boulders in order to macadamize the roads. When Maximilian passed over this road it was hastily repaired by throwing earth over the ruts, and the writer, who made him believe that it was in good order, but the heavy rains soon washed it away, leaving it ten times worse than before. No one would readily believe how much that face cost.

At about 2 o'clock in the evening we reached the beautiful town of Cordoba, so justly celebrated for its coffee, for the wonderful luxuriance of its tropical vegetation, which here attains perfection, tempered as it is by the height above the sea. Mango, guava, and the most delicious fruit, equaling in size the largest oaks. The foliage of the mango is of a brilliant dark green. The banana grows as it broadens everywhere, the hedge of figs, the tree of the coffee plant, orange trees of gigantic size, the perfume of the trees, guavas, and the justly famed avocado, (the avocado pear) with its superb growth, everywhere met the eye. In fact nature has seemed to prodigal in her gifts, and never have I seen combined so many shades of green, and so beautiful beyond description, exquisite parasites, and the blossoms of many fruits loaded the air with perfume almost too intoxicating. Amid cool shades of the trees, the rustling of innumerable rivulets, which dashed by us, the warbling of birds, amongst which the loudest and sweetest rang the notes of the clarion—a bird which fills the air with its clear melody, which slowly died away, leaving us, as the twilight fell, the most beautiful of the far distant note of the clarion, we jolted through the roughly paved streets until we reached the Plaza, where we rested our cramped limbs, and were refreshed by a cup of fine chocolate, each of the Mexicans has a pair. Stolid Austrians, in their Italian brigades, Austria-Belgian uniforms, gaped at us, and French officers with jingling spurs and bayoneted swords, and beggars, tormented us; but we left this long tour with reluctance, to pack again in our stifling stage. We started at full speed, as usual, scattering red breeches right and left—jumping, leaping, thumping and banging our heads in familiar intercourse with the top of the stage, as we the Mexicans, we reached the same lavish vegetation existed, but began to be invaded by plants of a colder climate. Huge precipices on one side, high mountains on the other, roasting by the side of the road, the wind on the side of the mountains, giving most gorgeous views while light lasted. From one of the passes, we could distinguish the Gulf, a clear line of blue, plainly showing the earth's curve. Night soon overtook us, and we were hungry, we entered Orizaba at 10 o'clock.

We were provided with rooms and supper, or rather that and dinner combined. The stage Company furnishes the lodgings and food all along this line of the stage, and we were awakened to start again. After our day's journey of coffee or chocolate, according to fancy, we started, precisely at one, falling into our places with a heavy groan, every one's angles fitting his neighbor's curves. The road was comparatively good for some time, until we reached the foot of the Cumbre (summit) of Acapulco. Here, in the space of time, you ascend 3,000 feet by a series of zigzags which carry you to the top of these mountains. The Spanish engineers, who built the roads in this country, always preferred going right over a steep mountain to winding around it, and here we were requested to walk as the road was too steep for the mules. We complied and commenced climbing. The morning was misty and raw, and we could scarcely see this wonderful work, for wonderful indeed is this road as a monument of hard labor. The road was so steep that every few minutes we had to stop to breathe, and occasionally we took the abrupt paths made by the Indians, and in spite of the keen blasts which made us wrap our blankets closely around us, we were covered with perspiration and panted for breath. The rarity of the atmosphere now began to tell on us also, with some symptoms resembling asthma. These passes are guarded by Austrians, marching up and down at short intervals. I counted over twenty of the turns, none over eighty yards long, on the edge of a precipice over a thousand feet deep. At last, long in advance of the stage, we reached the summit. Here a cold blast from the sky lifted us off our feet, and sent us chilled and shivering into a hut, where a hot cup of coffee revived and warmed us. We had now reached a central plateau, which, on a level with a few breaks,

carries you even beyond Puebla. The stage now ascended up and ascended, placed for the sake of the warmth inside, finding our blankets diminished by the cold. The rest of the journey was through arid plains, slightly cultivated with barley. Here the muleteers (horses Mexicanos) were used as a ledge, and the muleteers began indulging in politics, the fermented drink obtained from that plant. We found it refreshing, though at first not very palatable. At twelve we reached San Agustin del Palmar, where a most excellent breakfast of more than eight dishes, with fruit, dessert and coffee, awaited us. We only paid one dollar, the usual price on the road, for it. We soon continued our route, and at dusk entered Puebla. Dark as it was, we could still distinguish the ravages of the siege by the French. Finding that their direct assault failed, they mined whole squares, and blew them up. This system of warfare was unknown at all events, in practice, to the Mexicans, who did not or could not comprehend it. The want of powder may have been the cause.

A good supper soon restored us, and I sallied forth to see the ruin caused by the siege, as the principal attack was made from the opposite side to the one we entered. Almost from the Plaza itself we began to see the destruction caused by the bombardment, though near the centre much has been repaired. As we receded from the centre of the city, the terrible effect of the mines was visible. Right through the middle of the blocks of houses immense rents were perceptible, whilst tottering walls stand on each side, wide enough for a carriage to pass. The scene of desolation was most terrible, as it did not cover isolated houses alone, but square after square. The destruction of property must have amounted to many millions, and will take long before Puebla will recover from the effects of this memorable siege. We returned to our rooms, and slept soundly until awakened to start at three. After the usual cup of chocolate, we left once more to pursue our fireless journey. The road was good, and at daylight we were five leagues from Puebla. We were now in the valley of San Martin, famous for its large fields of wheat which met our eye. Thousands of acres are artificially irrigated, and yields most bounteous crops. This valley is most advantageously situated from its proximity to the City of Mexico and that of Puebla, where it has a ready market for its productions. At 6 o'clock we arrived at the village of San Martin, where we got another cup of chocolate. At noon we arrived at River Frio; here the cold was severe, as we had been ascending for some time. Pine forests surrounded us on all sides, and the proximity of the two volcanoes, with their large bodies of snow, gives to this region the temperature of the Northern climate. We had a luxurious breakfast, well cooked and well served and were soon on our way. The ascent was now very steep—up about mountains and down steep declivities, in which there was a perpetual race between the mules and the stage, with odds in favor of the latter. The velocity was sometimes fearful, but fortunately the road was in tolerable repair; and after some alarm for our horses, we at last reached the highest point of the pass of Rio Frio—10,000 feet above the level of the sea. From this point, while the mules were breathing, we could see the far-famed Valley of Mexico, with its steeper lakes, small villages, everywhere dotting its surface—whilst long avenues of trees indicated the roads. To our left the volcano Ixtachayote, covered with snow, almost seemed within reach, though twenty miles distant, entirely covered by the gigantic Popocatepetl. The volcano here presents the figure of a shrouded female—hence its name, "The White Woman." Their was so rare that we could distinguish small objects at a distance, and could see the village which lay beyond, and which resembles Bagdad, at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The scenery there was beautiful, and we now began to enter the mountains, which seemed to guard the interior on every side. We soon crossed the bridge, the only wooden one in this country, and ascending more abruptly soon reached Paso del Macho, the present terminus of the railroad, having traveled over a distance of forty miles, which took us three hours and a half. At this place a substantial breakfast awaited us, as well as the stages which were to carry us the remainder of our journey to this city. The fare from Vera Cruz is thirty-five dollars, including the railroad tickets. You are allowed to carry twenty-five pounds of baggage, and are charged seventy cents for every additional pound. We got into our stage—nine inside—and were soon jolting along a dreadful road, blinded by the dust and choked by the heat, although the atmosphere grew cooler and cooler. Spasmodic efforts are made here and there to break up gigantic boulders in order to macadamize the roads. When Maximilian passed over this road it was hastily repaired by throwing earth over the ruts, and the writer, who made him believe that it was in good order, but the heavy rains soon washed it away, leaving it ten times worse than before. No one would readily believe how much that face cost.

At about 2 o'clock in the evening we reached the beautiful town of Cordoba, so justly celebrated for its coffee, for the wonderful luxuriance of its tropical vegetation, which here attains perfection, tempered as it is by the height above the sea. Mango, guava, and the most delicious fruit, equaling in size the largest oaks. The foliage of the mango is of a brilliant dark green. The banana grows as it broadens everywhere, the hedge of figs, the tree of the coffee plant, orange trees of gigantic size, the perfume of the trees, guavas, and the justly famed avocado, (the avocado pear) with its superb growth, everywhere met the eye. In fact nature has seemed to prodigal in her gifts, and never have I seen combined so many shades of green, and so beautiful beyond description, exquisite parasites, and the blossoms of many fruits loaded the air with perfume almost too intoxicating. Amid cool shades of the trees, the rustling of innumerable rivulets, which dashed by us, the warbling of birds, amongst which the loudest and sweetest rang the notes of the clarion—a bird which fills the air with its clear melody, which slowly died away, leaving us, as the twilight fell, the most beautiful of the far distant note of the clarion, we jolted through the roughly paved streets until we reached the Plaza, where we rested our cramped limbs, and were refreshed by a cup of fine chocolate, each of the Mexicans has a pair. Stolid Austrians, in their Italian brigades, Austria-Belgian uniforms, gaped at us, and French officers with jingling spurs and bayoneted swords, and beggars, tormented us; but we left this long tour with reluctance, to pack again in our stifling stage. We started at full speed, as usual, scattering red breeches right and left—jumping, leaping, thumping and banging our heads in familiar intercourse with the top of the stage, as we the Mexicans, we reached the same lavish vegetation existed, but began to be invaded by plants of a colder climate. Huge precipices on one side, high mountains on the other, roasting by the side of the road, the wind on the side of the mountains, giving most gorgeous views while light lasted. From one of the passes, we could distinguish the Gulf, a clear line of blue, plainly showing the earth's curve. Night soon overtook us, and we were hungry, we entered Orizaba at 10 o'clock.

We were provided with rooms and supper, or rather that and dinner combined. The stage Company furnishes the lodgings and food all along this line of the stage, and we were awakened to start again. After our day's journey of coffee or chocolate, according to fancy, we started, precisely at one, falling into our places with a heavy groan, every one's angles fitting his neighbor's curves. The road was comparatively good for some time, until we reached the foot of the Cumbre (summit) of Acapulco. Here, in the space of time, you ascend 3,000 feet by a series of zigzags which carry you to the top of these mountains. The Spanish engineers, who built the roads in this country, always preferred going right over a steep mountain to winding around it, and here we were requested to walk as the road was too steep for the mules. We complied and commenced climbing. The morning was misty and raw, and we could scarcely see this wonderful work, for wonderful indeed is this road as a monument of hard labor. The road was so steep that every few minutes we had to stop to breathe, and occasionally we took the abrupt paths made by the Indians, and in spite of the keen blasts which made us wrap our blankets closely around us, we were covered with perspiration and panted for breath. The rarity of the atmosphere now began to tell on us also, with some symptoms resembling asthma. These passes are guarded by Austrians, marching up and down at short intervals. I counted over twenty of the turns, none over eighty yards long, on the edge of a precipice over a thousand feet deep. At last, long in advance of the stage, we reached the summit. Here a cold blast from the sky lifted us off our feet, and sent us chilled and shivering into a hut, where a hot cup of coffee revived and warmed us. We had now reached a central plateau, which, on a level with a few breaks,

carries you even beyond Puebla. The stage now ascended up and ascended, placed for the sake of the warmth inside, finding our blankets diminished by the cold. The rest of the journey was through arid plains, slightly cultivated with barley. Here the muleteers (horses Mexicanos) were used as a ledge, and the muleteers began indulging in politics, the fermented drink obtained from that plant. We found it refreshing, though at first not very palatable. At twelve we reached San Agustin del Palmar, where a most excellent breakfast of more than eight dishes, with fruit, dessert and coffee, awaited us. We only paid one dollar, the usual price on the road, for it. We soon continued our route, and at dusk entered Puebla. Dark as it was, we could still distinguish the ravages of the siege by the French. Finding that their direct assault failed, they mined whole squares, and blew them up. This system of warfare was unknown at all events, in practice, to the Mexicans, who did not or could not comprehend it. The want of powder may have been the cause.

A good supper soon restored us, and I sallied forth to see the ruin caused by the siege, as the principal attack was made from the opposite side to the one we entered. Almost from the Plaza itself we began to see the destruction caused by the bombardment, though near the centre much has been repaired. As we receded from the centre of the city, the terrible effect of the mines was visible. Right through the middle of the blocks of houses immense rents were perceptible, whilst tottering walls stand on each side, wide enough for a carriage to pass. The scene of desolation was most terrible, as it did not cover isolated houses alone, but square after square. The destruction of property must have amounted to many millions, and will take long before Puebla will recover from the effects of this memorable siege. We returned to our rooms, and slept soundly until awakened to start at three. After the usual cup of chocolate, we left once more to pursue our fireless journey. The road was good, and at daylight we were five leagues from Puebla. We were now in the valley of San Martin, famous for its large fields of wheat which met our eye. Thousands of acres are artificially irrigated, and yields most bounteous crops. This valley is most advantageously situated from its proximity to the City of Mexico and that of Puebla, where it has a ready market for its productions. At 6 o'clock we arrived at the village of San Martin, where we got another cup of chocolate. At noon we arrived at River Frio; here the cold was severe, as we had been ascending for some time. Pine forests surrounded us on all sides, and the proximity of the two volcanoes, with their large bodies of snow, gives to this region the temperature of the Northern climate. We had a luxurious breakfast, well cooked and well served and were soon on our way. The ascent was now very steep—up about mountains and down steep declivities, in which there was a perpetual race between the mules and the stage, with odds in favor of the latter. The velocity was sometimes fearful, but fortunately the road was in tolerable repair; and after some alarm for our horses, we at last reached the highest point of the pass of Rio Frio—10,000 feet above the level of the sea. From this point, while the mules were breathing, we could see the far-famed Valley of Mexico, with its steeper lakes, small villages, everywhere dotting its surface—whilst long avenues of trees indicated the roads. To our left the volcano Ixtachayote, covered with snow, almost seemed within reach, though twenty miles distant, entirely covered by the gigantic Popocatepetl. The volcano here presents the figure of a shrouded female—hence its name, "The White Woman." Their was so rare that we could distinguish small objects at a distance, and could see the village which lay beyond, and which resembles Bagdad, at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The scenery there was beautiful, and we now began to enter the mountains, which seemed to guard the interior on every side. We soon crossed the bridge, the only wooden one in this country, and ascending more abruptly soon reached Paso del Macho, the present terminus of the railroad, having traveled over a distance of forty miles, which took us three hours and a half. At this place a substantial breakfast awaited us, as well as the stages which were to carry us the remainder of our journey to this city. The fare from Vera Cruz is thirty-five dollars, including the railroad tickets. You are allowed to carry twenty-five pounds of baggage, and are charged seventy cents for every additional pound. We got into our stage—nine inside—and were soon jolting along a dreadful road, blinded by the dust and choked by the heat, although the atmosphere grew cooler and cooler. Spasmodic efforts are made here and there to break up gigantic boulders in order to macadamize the roads. When Maximilian passed over this road it was hastily repaired by throwing earth over the ruts, and the writer, who made him believe that it was in good order, but the heavy rains soon washed it away, leaving it ten times worse than before. No one would readily believe how much that face cost.

At about 2 o'clock in the evening we reached the beautiful town of Cordoba, so justly celebrated for its coffee, for the wonderful luxuriance of its tropical vegetation, which here attains perfection, tempered as it is by the height above the sea. Mango, guava, and the most delicious fruit, equaling in size the largest oaks. The foliage of the mango is of a brilliant dark green. The banana grows as it broadens everywhere, the hedge of figs, the tree of the coffee plant, orange trees of gigantic size, the perfume of the trees, guavas, and the justly famed avocado, (the avocado pear) with its superb growth, everywhere met the eye. In fact nature has seemed to prodigal in her gifts, and never have I seen combined so many shades of green, and so beautiful beyond description, exquisite parasites, and the blossoms of many fruits loaded the air with perfume almost too intoxicating. Amid cool shades of the trees, the rustling of innumerable rivulets, which dashed by us, the warbling of birds, amongst which the loudest and sweetest rang the notes of the clarion—a bird which fills the air with its clear melody, which slowly died away, leaving us, as the twilight fell, the most beautiful of the far distant note of the clarion, we jolted through the roughly paved streets until we reached the Plaza, where we rested our cramped limbs, and were refreshed by a cup of fine chocolate, each of the Mexicans has a pair. Stolid Austrians, in their Italian brigades, Austria-Belgian uniforms, gaped at us, and French officers with jingling spurs and bayoneted swords, and beggars, tormented us; but we left this long tour with reluctance, to pack again in our stifling stage. We started at full speed, as usual, scattering red breeches right and left—jumping, leaping, thumping and banging our heads in familiar intercourse with the top of the stage, as we the Mexicans, we reached the same lavish vegetation existed, but began to be invaded by plants of a colder climate. Huge precipices on one side, high mountains on the other, roasting by the side of the road, the wind on the side of the mountains, giving most gorgeous views while light lasted. From one of the passes, we could distinguish the Gulf, a clear line of blue, plainly showing the earth's curve. Night soon overtook us, and we were hungry, we entered Orizaba at 10 o'clock.

We were provided with rooms and supper, or rather that and dinner combined. The stage Company furnishes the lodgings and food all along this line of the stage, and we were awakened to start again. After our day's journey of coffee or chocolate, according to fancy, we started, precisely at one, falling into our places with a heavy groan, every one's angles fitting his neighbor's curves. The road was comparatively good for some time, until we reached the foot of the Cumbre (summit) of Acapulco. Here, in the space of time, you ascend 3,000 feet by a series of zigzags which carry you to the top of these mountains. The Spanish engineers, who built the roads in this country, always preferred going right over a steep mountain to winding around it, and here we were requested to walk as the road was too steep for the mules. We complied and commenced climbing. The morning was misty and raw, and we could scarcely see this wonderful work, for wonderful indeed is this road as a monument of hard labor. The road was so steep that every few minutes we had to stop to breathe, and occasionally we took the abrupt paths made by the Indians, and in spite of the keen blasts which made us wrap our blankets closely around us, we were covered with perspiration and panted for breath. The rarity of the atmosphere now began to tell on us also, with some symptoms resembling asthma. These passes are guarded by Austrians, marching up and down at short intervals. I counted over twenty of the turns, none over eighty yards long, on the edge of a precipice over a thousand feet deep. At last, long in advance of the stage, we reached the summit. Here a cold blast from the sky lifted us off our feet, and sent us chilled and shivering into a hut, where a hot cup of coffee revived and warmed us. We had now reached a central plateau, which, on a level with a few breaks,

carries you even beyond Puebla. The stage now ascended up and ascended, placed for the sake of the warmth inside, finding our blankets diminished by the cold. The rest of the journey was through arid plains, slightly cultivated with barley. Here the muleteers (horses Mexicanos) were used as a ledge, and the muleteers began indulging in politics, the fermented drink obtained from that plant. We found it refreshing, though at first not very palatable. At twelve we reached San Agustin del Palmar, where a most excellent breakfast of more than eight dishes, with fruit, dessert and coffee, awaited us. We only paid one dollar, the usual price on the road, for it. We soon continued our route, and at dusk entered Puebla. Dark as it was, we could still distinguish the ravages of the siege by the French. Finding that their direct assault failed, they mined whole squares, and blew them up. This system of warfare was unknown at all events, in practice, to the Mexicans, who did not or could not comprehend it. The want of powder may have been the cause.

A good supper soon restored us, and I sallied forth to see the ruin caused by the siege, as the principal attack was made from the opposite side to the one we entered. Almost from the Plaza itself we began to see the destruction caused by the bombardment, though near the centre much has been repaired. As we receded from the centre of the city, the terrible effect of the mines was visible. Right through the middle of the blocks of houses immense rents were perceptible, whilst tottering walls stand on each side, wide enough for a carriage to pass. The scene of desolation was most terrible, as it did not cover isolated houses alone, but square after square. The destruction of property must have amounted to many millions, and will take long before Puebla will recover from the effects of this memorable siege. We returned to our rooms, and slept soundly until awakened to start at three. After the usual cup of chocolate, we left once more to pursue our fireless journey. The road was good, and at daylight we were five leagues from Puebla. We were now in the valley of San Martin, famous for its large fields of wheat which met our eye. Thousands of acres are artificially irrigated, and yields most bounteous crops. This valley is most advantageously situated from its proximity to the City of Mexico and that of Puebla, where it has a ready market for its productions. At 6 o'clock we arrived at the village of San Martin, where we got another cup of chocolate. At noon we arrived at River Frio; here the cold was severe, as we had been ascending for some time. Pine forests surrounded us on all sides, and the proximity of the two volcanoes, with their large bodies of snow, gives to this region the temperature of the Northern climate. We had a luxurious breakfast, well cooked and well served and were soon on our way. The ascent was now very steep—up about mountains and down steep declivities, in which there was a perpetual race between the mules and the stage, with odds in favor of the latter. The velocity was sometimes fearful, but fortunately the road was in tolerable repair; and after some alarm for our horses, we at last reached the highest point of the pass of Rio Frio—10,000 feet above the level of the sea. From this point, while the mules were breathing, we could see the far-famed Valley of Mexico, with its steeper lakes, small villages, everywhere dotting its surface—whilst long avenues of trees indicated the roads. To our left the volcano Ixtachayote, covered with snow, almost seemed within reach, though twenty miles distant, entirely covered by the gigantic Popocatepetl. The volcano here presents the figure of a shrouded female—hence its name, "The White Woman." Their was so rare that we could distinguish small objects at a distance, and could see the village which lay beyond, and which resembles Bagdad, at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The scenery there was beautiful, and we now began to enter the mountains, which seemed to guard the interior on every side. We soon crossed the bridge, the only wooden one in this country, and ascending more abruptly soon reached Paso del Macho, the present terminus of the railroad, having traveled over a distance of forty miles, which took us three hours and a half. At this place a substantial breakfast awaited us, as well as the stages which were to carry us the remainder of our journey to this city. The fare from Vera Cruz is thirty-five dollars, including the railroad tickets. You are allowed to carry twenty-five pounds of baggage, and are charged seventy cents for every additional pound. We got into our stage—nine inside—and were soon jolting along a dreadful road, blinded by the dust and choked by the heat, although the atmosphere grew cooler and cooler. Spasmodic efforts are made here and there to break up gigantic boulders in order to macadamize the roads. When Maximilian passed over this road it was hastily repaired by throwing earth over the ruts, and the writer, who made him believe that it was in good order, but the heavy rains soon washed it away, leaving it ten times worse than before. No one would readily believe how much that face cost.

At about 2 o'clock in the evening we reached the beautiful town of Cordoba, so justly celebrated for its coffee, for the wonderful luxuriance of its tropical vegetation, which here attains perfection, tempered as it is by the height above the sea. Mango, guava, and the most delicious fruit, equaling in size the largest oaks. The foliage of the mango is of a brilliant dark green. The banana grows as it broadens everywhere, the hedge of figs, the tree of the coffee plant, orange trees of gigantic size, the perfume of the trees, guavas, and the justly famed avocado, (the avocado pear) with its superb growth, everywhere met the eye. In fact nature has seemed to prodigal in her gifts, and never have I seen combined so many shades of green, and so beautiful beyond description, exquisite parasites, and the blossoms of many fruits loaded the air with perfume almost too intoxicating. Amid cool shades of the trees, the rustling of innumerable rivulets, which dashed by us, the warbling of birds, amongst which the loudest and sweetest rang the notes of the clarion—a bird which fills the air with its clear melody, which slowly died away, leaving us, as the twilight fell, the most beautiful of the far distant note of the clarion, we jolted through the roughly paved streets until we reached the Plaza, where we rested our cramped limbs, and were refreshed by a cup of fine chocolate, each of the Mexicans has a pair. Stolid Austrians, in their Italian brigades, Austria-Belgian uniforms, gaped at us, and French officers with jingling spurs and bayoneted swords, and beggars, tormented us; but we left this long tour with reluctance, to pack again in our stifling stage. We started at full speed, as usual, scattering red breeches right and left—jumping, leaping, thumping and banging our heads in familiar intercourse with the top of the stage, as we the Mexicans, we reached the same lavish vegetation existed, but began to be invaded by plants of a colder climate. Huge precipices on one side, high mountains on the other, roasting by the side of the road, the wind on the side of the mountains, giving most gorgeous views while light lasted. From one of the passes, we could distinguish the Gulf, a clear line of blue, plainly showing the earth's curve. Night soon overtook us, and we were hungry, we entered Orizaba at 10 o'clock.

We were provided with rooms and supper, or rather that and dinner combined. The stage Company furnishes the lodgings and food all along this line of the stage, and we were awakened to start again. After our day's journey of coffee or chocolate, according to fancy, we started, precisely at one, falling into our places with a heavy groan, every one's angles fitting his neighbor's curves. The road was comparatively good for some time, until we reached the foot of the Cumbre (summit) of Acapulco. Here, in the space of time, you ascend 3,000 feet by a series of zigzags which carry you to the top of these mountains. The Spanish engineers, who built the roads in this country, always preferred going right over a steep mountain to winding around it, and here we were requested to walk as the road was too steep for the mules. We complied and commenced climbing. The morning was misty and raw, and we could scarcely see this wonderful work, for wonderful indeed is this road as a monument of hard labor. The road was so steep that every few minutes we had to stop to breathe, and occasionally we took the abrupt paths made by the Indians, and in spite of the keen blasts which made us wrap our blankets closely around us, we were covered with perspiration and panted for breath. The rarity of the atmosphere now began to tell on us also, with some symptoms resembling asthma. These passes are guarded by Austrians, marching up and down at short intervals. I counted over twenty of the turns, none over eighty yards long, on the edge of a precipice over a thousand feet deep. At last, long in advance of the stage, we reached the summit. Here a cold blast from the sky lifted us off our feet, and sent us chilled and shivering into a hut, where a hot cup of coffee revived and warmed us. We had now reached a central plateau, which, on a level with a few breaks,

carries you even beyond Puebla. The stage now ascended up and ascended, placed for the sake of the warmth inside, finding our blankets diminished by the cold. The rest of the journey was through arid plains, slightly cultivated with barley. Here the muleteers (horses Mexicanos) were used as a ledge, and the muleteers began indulging in politics, the fermented drink obtained from that plant. We found it refreshing, though at first not very palatable. At twelve we reached San Agustin del Palmar, where a most excellent breakfast of more than eight dishes, with fruit, dessert and coffee, awaited us. We only paid one dollar, the usual price on the road, for it. We soon continued our route, and at dusk entered Puebla. Dark as it was, we could still distinguish the ravages of the siege by the French. Finding that their direct assault failed, they mined whole squares, and blew them up. This system of warfare was unknown at all events, in practice, to the Mexicans, who did not or could not comprehend it. The want of powder may have been the cause.

A good supper soon restored us, and I sallied forth to see the ruin caused by the siege, as the principal attack was made from the opposite side to the one we entered. Almost from the Plaza itself we began to see the destruction caused by the bombardment, though near the centre much has been repaired. As we receded from the centre of the city, the terrible effect of the mines was visible. Right through the middle of the blocks of houses immense rents were perceptible, whilst tottering walls stand on each side, wide enough for a carriage to pass. The scene of desolation was most terrible, as it did not cover isolated houses alone, but square after square. The destruction of property must have amounted to many millions, and will take long before Puebla will recover from the effects of this memorable siege. We returned to our rooms, and slept soundly until awakened to start at three. After the usual cup of chocolate, we left once more to pursue our fireless journey. The road was good, and at daylight we were five leagues from Puebla. We were now in the valley of San Martin, famous for its large fields of wheat which met our eye. Thousands of acres are artificially irrigated, and yields most bounteous crops. This valley is most advantageously situated from its proximity to the City of Mexico and that of Puebla, where it has a ready market for its productions. At 6 o'clock we arrived at the village of San Martin, where we got another cup of chocolate. At noon we arrived at River Frio; here the cold was severe, as we had been ascending for some time. Pine forests surrounded us on all sides, and the proximity of the two volcanoes, with their large bodies of snow, gives to this region the temperature of the Northern climate. We had a luxurious breakfast, well cooked and well served and were soon on our way. The ascent was now very steep—up about mountains and down steep declivities, in which there was a perpetual race between the mules and the stage, with odds in favor of the latter. The velocity was sometimes fearful, but fortunately the road was in tolerable repair; and after some alarm for our horses, we at last reached the highest point of the pass of Rio Frio—10,000 feet above the level of the sea. From this point, while the mules were breathing, we could see the far-famed Valley of Mexico, with its steeper lakes, small villages, everywhere dotting its surface—whilst long avenues of trees indicated the roads. To our left the volcano Ixtachayote, covered with snow, almost seemed within reach, though twenty miles distant, entirely covered by the gigantic Popocatepetl. The volcano here presents the figure of a shrouded female—hence its name, "The White Woman." Their was so rare that we could distinguish small objects at a distance, and could see the village which lay beyond, and which resembles Bagdad, at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The scenery there was beautiful, and we now began to enter the mountains, which seemed to guard the interior on every side. We soon crossed the bridge, the only wooden one in this country, and ascending more abruptly soon reached Paso del Macho, the present terminus of the railroad, having traveled over a distance of forty miles, which took us three hours and a half. At this place a substantial breakfast awaited us, as well as the stages which were to carry us the remainder of our journey to this city. The fare from Vera Cruz is thirty-five dollars, including the railroad tickets. You are allowed to carry twenty-five pounds of baggage, and are charged seventy cents for every additional pound. We got into our stage—nine inside—and were soon jolting along a dreadful road, blinded by the dust and choked by the heat, although the atmosphere grew cooler and cooler. Spasmodic efforts are made here and there to break up gigantic boulders in order to macadamize the roads. When Maximilian passed over this road it was hastily repaired by throwing earth over the ruts, and the writer, who made him believe that it was in good order, but the heavy rains soon washed it away, leaving it ten times worse than before. No one would readily believe how much that face cost.

At about 2 o'clock in the evening we reached the beautiful town of Cordoba, so justly celebrated for its coffee, for the wonderful luxuriance of its tropical vegetation, which here attains perfection, tempered as it is by the height above the sea. Mango, guava, and the most delicious fruit, equaling in size the largest oaks. The foliage of the mango is of a brilliant dark green. The banana grows as it broadens everywhere, the hedge of figs, the tree of the coffee plant, orange trees of gigantic size, the perfume of the trees, guavas, and the justly famed avocado, (the avocado pear) with its superb growth, everywhere met the eye. In fact nature has seemed to prodigal in her gifts, and never have I seen combined so many shades of green, and so beautiful beyond description, exquisite parasites, and the blossoms of many fruits loaded the air with perfume almost too intoxicating. Amid cool shades of the trees, the rustling of innumerable rivulets, which dashed by us, the warbling of birds, amongst which the loudest and sweetest rang the notes of the clarion—a bird which fills the air with its clear melody, which slowly died away, leaving us, as the twilight fell, the most beautiful of the far distant note of the clarion, we jolted through the roughly paved streets until we reached the Plaza, where we rested our cramped limbs, and were refreshed by a cup of fine chocolate, each of the Mexicans has a pair. Stolid Austrians, in their Italian brigades, Austria-Belgian uniforms, gaped at us, and French officers with jingling spurs and bayoneted swords, and beggars, tormented us; but we left this long tour with reluctance, to pack again in our stifling stage. We started at full speed, as usual, scattering red breeches right and left—jumping, leaping, thumping and banging our heads in familiar intercourse with the top of the stage, as we the Mexicans, we reached the same lavish vegetation existed, but began to be invaded by plants of a colder climate. Huge precipices on one side, high mountains on the other, roasting by the side of the road, the wind on the side of the mountains, giving most gorgeous views while light lasted. From one of the passes, we could distinguish the Gulf, a clear line of blue, plainly showing the earth's curve. Night soon overtook us, and we were hungry, we entered Orizaba at 10 o'clock.

We were provided with rooms and supper, or rather that and dinner combined. The stage Company furnishes the lodgings and food all along this line of the stage, and we were awakened to start again. After our day's journey of coffee or chocolate, according to fancy, we started, precisely at one, falling into our places with a heavy groan, every one's angles fitting his neighbor's curves. The road was comparatively good for some time, until we reached the foot of the Cumbre (summit) of Acapulco. Here, in the space of time, you ascend 3,000 feet by a series of zigzags which carry you to the top of these mountains. The Spanish engineers, who built the roads in this country, always preferred going right over a steep mountain to winding around it, and here we were requested to walk as the road was too steep for the mules. We complied and commenced climbing. The morning was misty and raw, and we could scarcely see this wonderful work, for wonderful indeed is this road as a monument of hard labor. The road was so steep that every few minutes we had to stop to breathe, and occasionally we took the abrupt paths made by the Indians, and in spite of the keen blasts which made us wrap our blankets closely around us, we were covered with perspiration and panted for breath. The rarity of the atmosphere now began to tell on us also, with some symptoms resembling asthma. These passes are guarded by Austrians, marching up and down at short intervals. I counted over twenty of the turns, none over eighty yards long, on the edge of a precipice over a thousand feet deep. At last, long in advance of the stage, we reached the summit. Here a cold blast from the sky lifted us off our feet, and sent us chilled and shivering into a hut, where a hot cup of coffee revived and warmed us. We had now reached a central plateau, which, on a level with a few breaks,

MEDICAL.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

COMPOUND

CEDRON BITTERS.

The Latest and Most Important Discovery

NINETEENTH CENTURY!!!

No man's name is more intimately connected with the history of MATERIA MEDICA of the United States, or more favorably known as a pioneer in Medical Discovery than that of

Dr. John Bull, of Louisville, Kentucky.

His inimitable preparation of SANSAPARILLA has long stood at the head of the various compounds of this valuable drug.

His Compound of WILD CHERRY has become a household word throughout the West and South.

His Worm Lozenges, in less than a year after their introduction, attained a reputation

As wide spread as the continent of North America. But the crowning glory of his life remains to be attained in his discovery, or rather combination, for he does not claim to have been the discoverer of CEDRON, which is the basis of the Bitters now offered to the public. That honor belongs to the native inhabitants of Central America to whom its virtues have been known for more than two thousand years. Armed with this, the Indian life dealer, he has made a medicine which has been without fear the most powerful and effective of all the remedies of the world. It is a relief with them, that while there is breath in the body the Cedron is potent to cure, no matter what the disease.

While Dr. Bull is not prepared to endorse this extraordinary pretension, he is nevertheless satisfied from a thorough examination of the evidence relating to its virtues, that as a remedy and preventative of all diseases arising from exposure, either to change of weather or climate, or to miasmatic influences, it stands

Without a RIVAL!

And justly deserves the reputation it has long enjoyed in Central America and the West Indies.

IN DYSPEPSIA

And its attendant train of symptoms, it acts more like A CHARM than a medicine. There is nothing in the medicine which can be compared to it in this disease. A full account of this wonderful plant may be found in the 11th edition of the U. S. Dispensatory, pages 1387 and 1388.

A series of experiments in which Dr. Bull has been for years engaged, has just been brought to a successful termination, and he is now enabled to offer to the public a combination of CEDRON with other approved tonics, the whole preserved in the best quality of copper distilled Bourbon Whisky, which he is confident has an equal in the world.

He might furnish a volume of certificates, but he has long since learned to estimate such as the true value. The safest plan is for every one to test for himself the virtues of a new medicine.

GIVE THE

CEDRON BITTERS

ONE TRIAL. AND YOU WILL NEVER USE ANOTHER.

It is not necessary to publish a long list of diseases for which the CEDRON BITTERS are a specific. In all diseases of the

Bowels, Liver or Kidneys.

In all affections of the